

Animals I Have Known

IN a poultry yard near Elkton, Md., is a hen that is considered to be a freak. She can play the piano.

It all happened when she flew into the parlor of the farmhouse and landed on the ivory keys of the instrument, which, of course, gave forth a few discordant notes. At first the chickens were greatly astonished, but in a little while they grew accustomed to the sounds and liked the effect.

It then became a common thing for the hen to perch on the window while the daughter of the house was taking her lessons and intently listen to the music. By and by the fowl tried a few notes herself, and finally, to the surprise of all, she ran the scale.

That settled it. The hen, called Bache, started out on an artistic career, and to say that she really has succeeded puts it mildly. She is really wonderful.

In the heavier composition she is a failure, but in the lighter works, and especially in swiftness, she surpasses. Her range, of course, must be limited by the width of her claws, but even there she is a wonder, for by the clever use of her wings in jumping from one octave to another.

It is a pity the lightning bug season is at an end, for skeptical persons will not be able to verify the truth of John Shaeffer's statement that by feeding hens with lightning bugs you can induce them to lay illuminated eggs.

Mr. Shaeffer, who lives in Wildwood, N. J., during the height of the lightning bug season, gave two hens nothing else to eat, and he declares that each day he got two eggs of sixteen-candle power strength.

By varnishing the eggs he has preserved their strength, and he believes the longer these glowing eggs are kept the stronger they will grow.

By painting them red, blue or green

he found that he could get as many different colored lights, and most beautiful effects could be got by stringing them in festoons.

He thinks that if lightning bugs are fed to electric lights large enough for automobile lamps can be had.

The craziest rooster in all Missouri is owned by Walter Lynne, residing near Fullerton. It is as big as if it were an automobile and is creating havoc among the flock.

This rooster no longer crows at dawn, but by assiduous association with a few geese it has acquired a lovely "honk, honk," and practices this on all occasions, and they are laying poached eggs.

At times it starts at one end of the barnyard, and giving a warning alarm, rushes through the rest of the chickens, bowing them over right and left.

A few days ago Mrs. Lynne left a can of kerosene on the back porch, and within ten minutes the rooster was doing its best to drink up the stuff, undoubtedly with the object of acquiring the gasoline smell.

It is also developing an "auto face."

Much sympathy is expressed for Aunt Mary Fitzpatrick, of Salem, Va., whose entire flock of chickens has been tampered with by some unknown wretch to the end that they are laying poached eggs.

It is almost certain that for months the chickens have been fed on cayenne pepper and tobacco sauce, which sizzles the internal department of the chickens.

So great is this heat that the feathers on the fowls are quite scorched at the ends and the skin appears parboiled. At this time the rooster is the sole support of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, kind neighbors have been buying the eggs from her. But even a steady diet of this sort falls in time, and the inhabitants are praying for cold weather, when it is thought the temperature of the hens will be reduced.

NEEDED SOMETHING.

Magistrate—You admit having taken the purse and watch?
Prisoner—Yes, your worship. I was weak; for two days I had taken nothing. Polichinelle.



In His Nightie Abe Pursueth a Bear.

IF Abe Perkins, of Slab City, Vt., were not exceedingly near-sighted and "Speckle" Harrington hadn't been desperately in love with Susan Fisher this story would not be written.

Primarily it has to do with Blunder, a pet bear, belonging to Abe, but Perkins and the young lovers enter into the narrative. As Amos Cummings said when he heard of it, "It sounds mighty far fetched, but 'known' Abe ye sorter haffer believe it."

Some dozen or more years ago when Abe was crossed in love he "took up," as they say in Vermont, with a cub bear. That is, he made a pet of it, and when it grew old and died he buried

way that a decoy duck inveigles wild canvasbacks to the blind of the hunter. He would even fetch Abe's glasses, without which the woodsman was well-nigh helpless.

But even a bear can be too smart. Like higher education among folk, too much knowledge among members of the brain family is apt to lead to serious consequences unless such knowledge be put to proper use. Blunder was far too smart, and having a streak of woodland cunning in him, he undertook to fool the master who had developed his intellect. It being his particular duty to sleep on guard in the main room of the cabin, it was his custom to camp close to the door, where he slumbered with one eye open like a cat, while his

HOPE.
Judge (to prisoner)—It is your irremediable need of a drink that brings you here often.
Prisoner—Can I, then, get a drink here?—Pete Mele.

Nine-Year-Old Girl Thief a Wonder

THE more the police of Youngstown, Ohio, investigate the more far-reaching appear the operations of little nine-year-old Margaret Maloney. She has "worked" the city as systematically as could an old criminal and outwitted the police for months.

In one place she managed to get something like \$20 in three successive raids. This was in the candy store where she was finally caught on Wednesday night.

She has not confined her operations to one section of the city, but has wandered about from one place to another, operating in business as well as out-of-the-way places.

The child has the face of a criminal. She hangs her head, and with no show of emotion, refuses to talk since her confession to the police. Her hair, closely cropped, is as black and straight as an Indian's. Dressed as a girl, she hardly looks the part, but makes a typical

"tough" boy when wearing the disguise of male attire.

Her mother came to the county jail to see her, but the child refused to answer the questions she put to her.

"I have nine children living and six dead," the mother said. "I never had trouble with any of them except her. Indeed, it's a boy she ought to have been with her wild ways. She is just breaking her father's heart. I know she's honest. Yes, I knew she was taking things, but it was them children she was running with. She gave them the money she stole. One day she stole \$10, from me."

Several new cases against her were reported to the police the day after she was arrested. One was where she stopped at a stand to buy some peanuts. The boy in charge was called inside for a moment, and she grabbed the money from the cash drawer and started down the street. The boy pursued and caught her, whereupon she pulled a roll of bills from her overalls pocket and gave him a dollar to let her go. She had taken only 50 cents from the drawer.

Would Die If He Quit Work

ALTHOUGH he has fallen heir to \$80,000, Watson Raine, sixty-five years old, will keep right on working for \$20 a week as engineer at Keith & Proctor's theater, at Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, New York. The other day a lawyer walked into the basement of the theater, where Raine was at work, and handed him \$50,000 in securities and \$10,000 in cash and told him there was \$20,000 more coming to him from the estate of an uncle, a wealthy land owner in Canada, who had recently died and left Raine one-quarter of his fortune.

Raine took the money, heard the lawyer's explanation of its source, and kept right on at work. He did not let his employers anything about his leg-

acy until by chance F. F. Proctor, Jr., noticed several new tools, apparently of the finest grade, in the engine room and asked where they had come from.

"I bought 'em," said the engineer, bluntly.

Proctor's inquiries finally elicited a reluctant announcement of the legacy. Raine then asked that Proctor take charge of the \$50,000 for him, and arrangements were made to deposit it to a credit in his hands and was given a check for the balance. He has a wife and three grown sons, and lives in West Twenty-fourth street.

Mr. family wants me to give up work and take my ease, but I am not going to do so," Raine said. "I would die a thief if I broke up the habits of a lifetime, and I would not want to do with myself. I am a pretty old man, but I might fall into evil habits even at my age."

She Wanted a Warrant, But--

SERGEANT CLOOGAN was listening to an argument between the doorman and a plainclothes man who had just been ordered into uniform in the Never Sleep precinct station house when the door opened and a much-excited woman entered.

"I want a warrant for the arrest!" she cried. "We don't give warrants here, lady, and--"

"You must get me a warrant, I want!"

"Now, don't get excited, lady."

"He said I was looking very pretty, and--"

"Is that an insult?"

"I didn't know him, and he was a corner doorman, and I want--"

"Where was the officer on the post?"

"How should I know, I wasn't waiting for an officer. I was waiting for a car, and that nasty man spoke to me and I want him--"

"You're all mistaken, and--"

"He was a 'nasher. I know his kind and--"

"Then he was mistaken."

"And I stuck him with my hatpin in the bargain, the ugly wretch."



Dyes His Beard to Win Bride.

ROMANCE of the French Canadian settlement to the north of Carver, Ontario, came to an untimely end and sad ending a week ago because an indolent suitor presented the bride with a scarlet wedding dress. This may seem an odd cause for breaking off a love affair that had been progressing ardently for a couple of years, but it did, temporarily.

Peter Lovejoy and Marie Larocque announced their engagement a year ago, and when pretty Marie's prosperous aunt in Montreal heard of it she straightway wrote a letter to her favorite niece telling her that her wedding

luxuriant whiskers grown in abundance to cover an ugly scar on his chin. These whiskers would never go with that gown, the scar would never go at a wedding and there was no time to change the dress. This may be lazy to maintain, but women will understand.

So was up to the mother to explain to Peter, for the daughter couldn't trust herself to look at him in the same room with the wonderful garment, so as gently as she could she broke the news. But if good Mrs. Larocque had any idea that she was going to lose her prospective son-in-law by so simple a combination as dress, whiskers, and scar, she was happily disappointed.

"What's nothing at all," he declared as cheerfully as the circumstances

it with ceremony and got another. In due time this departed the way of the first, and a second grave was dug near the Perkins cabin, back in the mountains. More bears were forthcoming, all caught when they were callow youths, until at the present time nine mounds mark Perkins cemetery.

"They're a sight better'n woman folks because they don't wear bonnets and never want ye to go to church," is the way Abe explains it to those who wonder at his liking for bears. "Then, again, ye never ketch 'em gittin' sassy or bawlin' 'cause ye like 'em. A little lickin' now an' then is good for most everybody. It keeps 'em from gettin' too all-fired smart."

Blunder, the latest of Abe's pets, was taken a year ago last spring, and was so called because Perkins blundered onto it only a few days before Samantha's, his immediate predecessor, turned on her back and leaped her last. He was an intelligent cub, and under the masterful hand of Abe he soon developed mental traits which were so remarkable that at times the beast seemed uncanny. Abe said he reasoned as well as most men, but however this may be he was certainly the smartest of Mrs. Perkins' pet bears. He was the pride and joy of his master long before he shed his baby claws.

He would follow Abe about like a dog, inspect traps all by himself, and lure other bears into range in the same master shared in the adjoining chimney.

This he did faithfully until one moonlight night not long ago, when he heard the distant notes of a yellow-bellied sapsucker. He came back in the woods. Blunder had never conversed with a real wild bear other than his mother, and while he knew that he would be well thrashed if Abe awoke and found him gone, the temptation to see the sapsucker was too strong, and he sneaked off up the mountain, where he found unalloyed joy in mingling with his own kind.

The licking he received next morning didn't dampen his ardor. He made him cautious, and next night when he again saw the sapsucker he adopted precautionary measures. First he took Abe's glasses from the shelf over the fireplace and buried them in the ashes. Then he took a long look at the sapsucker and then he went back to bed. There is no use telling the story. Reason he surely did, but like many men, he missed a cog.

Bears with undeveloped minds are not to be depended upon, particularly when they are hungry and the hearth-warmer having an appetite which the ham bone did not thoroughly satisfy, proof of his search for an entrée. He had just found a leg of mutton and was in the act of devouring it when Abe awoke. The reason he surely did, but like many men, he missed a cog.

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"We'll Use a Little Dye on t e Whiskers."

gift should be the bridal gown, and asking her to select the color. Marie, by dark hair, rosy cheeks and an artistic temperament, and, after due thought, she asked for a deep maroon, thinking that would go best with her brilliant brunette complexion.

In due time the coveted parcel arrived by express and stage and Marie, in the ecstasy of unbounded delight, opened it. Instead of maroon the husband some cloth was a pinkish red, and pretty Marie almost swooned.

Why, what in the world is the matter? demanded Mrs. Larocque, throwing the wondrous garment over her daughter's shoulders. "It harmonizes to a T."

"Send for Peter," demanded the girl, vainly trying to suppress her hysterical sobs. "Send for Peter, quick."

"Then Mrs. Larocque saw, Peter is (or was) the possessor of long and

would permit "We'll use a little dye," "On the dress?" gasped the nervous woman.

"No, ma'am, on the whiskers," replied Peter, who was a little nervous.

Mrs. Larocque was filled with conflicting emotions. She wondered what the neighbors would say, now her daughter would take it and if the dye could be washed off when the gown wore out. She was sorely perplexed, but Peter settled all questions once and for all.

"If tomorrow morning every hair on my head will match this," he declared, "I'll take a bucket from his pocket filled with Marie's hirsute embellishment. I'll match that dress or die in the attempt."

It was a pretty good match if it did take three trials and the couple were married according to program. The neighbors marveled, but being of the polite kind, said nothing and if any one secreted a guilty conscience it wasn't Peter.

Village of Graybeards

BAKERVILLE, a hamlet nestled among the foothills of the Litchfield mountains about twenty-five miles from Waterbury, is typical of the depopulated and semi-abandoned villages which abound in Connecticut and throughout New England. A tumbledown factory building, a few farms, and a population mainly of elderly people are all that remain of what was once a prosperous community.

Fifty years ago Bakerville had more than 300 inhabitants and seemed destined to a steady growth. Today less than fifty people live there, and among them there is hardly a child or a young person. A few weeks ago Orvis Griggs, one of the oldest residents, died. He was born in Plymouth in 1821, and went to Bakerville when a young man.

At the funeral service there was a notable gathering of old people, all of whom have lived in Bakerville for over a half century. There was Jesse Beemer, ninety-three years old; Gilead Kimber-

ly and August Griggs, each eighty-five; Henry M. Merrill, seventy-seven; John Osborn, seventy-five; Sylvester Pettibone, seventy-five, besides a number of other gray-headed averages around seventy-five.

Merrill has lived in Bakerville all his life. "I can remember," said he yesterday, "when this place was prosperous. It was settled one hundred years ago by the Bykers. Scott Baker was a big man here in those days, so I have been told. His eldest son was Anthony Baker, who was the best of the whole Baker family."

"It was he who built the factory on the main road, and it was the industry of the wood-turning establishment there that caused Bakerville to grow. Anthony Baker died a rich man and left most of his money to his son, Garrison. The factory did not last long after that and it has been deserted nearly fifty years."

"Somehow we could not get the young folks to stay in Bakerville. As soon as they grew up they wanted away and now there is hardly a young person here. I don't think that Bakerville will ever be again what it was back in the forties."

Cow Swallows String, Flies Kite

A COW flying a kite was the unusual spectacle seen in New Albany, Ind., recently. Lee Hazelwood, son of Dr. John Hazelwood, had been flying the kite in a pasture and had laid it on the turf where the cow was grazing. The animal in browsing about swallowed the ball of twine, which was lying about thirty feet from the kite. As the cow moved off, the kite moved and the cow, eyeing it curiously, started again and the kite followed. The cow quickened her gait and broke into a lunge. The kite gracefully

rose in the air and remained suspended until the thoroughly frightened animal was out after breaking through a fence and racing down the street to her owner's home.

HURRY CALL.

Dick—That tall blonde is so eccentric when you take her out to supper. Why, last night she called for buttermilk, lobster, cucumbers, and ice cream.

Jerry—Whew! And what did you call for?

Dick—Oh, I called for the doctor.